

[He Man]

fair lw Introduction to HE MAN FROM THE WEST

by Wayne Walden

(Story could begin on Page 2 of Mr. Walden's copy, "Well I dunno —etc" No introduction but a short note at the end of the text running something like this perhaps —

This whopper was not spilled by some seven-foot hairy-chested guy standing around in a saloon.

It was heard in a nice , comfortable home in Staten Island and was told by a sedate , little , doctor's wife, who never was went further west than West Philadelphia. A.M. 10/13

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview [1870?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE N.Y.

NAME OF WORKER Wayne Walden

ADDRESS 51 Bank St. (Man.)

DATE Oct. 11, 1938

SUBJECT [He-Man From the West?]

1. Date and time of interview Evening of Oct. 9[th?]

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2. Place of interview 198 Richmond Terrace Staten Island
3. Name and address of informant Mrs. R. Ivanoff, Stony Point N.Y.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant. None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you none [??]
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Dr. and Mrs. Ivanoff own their house in Pearl River N.Y. But as practice is in Stony Point, they rent a large house there. House is not [numbered?]

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NEW YORK

FORM B Personal History of Informant

STATE N.Y.

NAME OF WORKER W. Walden

ADDRESS 51 Bank St.

DATE Oct. 11, 1938

SUBJECT [He Man from the West.]

1. Ancestry Italians - American
2. Place and date of birth Philadelphia, (birth?)
3. Family

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4. Places lived in, with dates Philadelphia [N york?] Pearl River Stony Point.
5. Education, with dates Trained [nurse?]
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates
7. Special skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities ?
9. Description of informant Age [Uncertaies?] woman [?] between 45 - 50 years. [?] as nurse with her Doctor husband. 170 170 [1870?]
10. Other Points gained in interview Mrs. Ivanoff and the Doctor - promise to furnish further material relatives [??] notions or [?] among their patients as [to?] curses Etc.

[C?]

Informant-Mrs. Rose Ivanoff

Stony Point, N.Y. (Oct. 11, 1938)

(Wayne Walden, 94410,

51 Bank St. N.Y. City 10/13 SUBJECT. [HE-MAN FROM THE WEST.?)

My informant, a registered registered trained nurse with many years of private and hospital experience in Philadelphia and in New York state, is now married to Doctor Stephan Ivanoff whose residence and practice is in Stony Point, N.Y. Mrs.Ivanoff, formerly Miss Fusco, is of Italian parentage, and lived during the early part of her life in the Italian district of Philadelphia, the city in which she was born.

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I have known Mrs. Ivanoff for nearly fifteen years, and during this time have often heard her tell of amusing incidents recalled from her life among poor Italians and others of the heterogeneous populace of south Philadelphia. Recently I inquired of the lady, who was on a visit to this city, if she could supply me with any reminiscences, or other material, which would be appropriate for our "folk studies". "Oh, I could tell a lot" she replied, "but I don't know how you could put it in acceptable manner. Some of it isn't very 'proper', and some of it would be well sort of on the queer side—pathologic stuff—scarcely fit for print. If a nurse has a sense of humor, she often sees things that strike her as being funny—but a sense of humor among nurses, or doctors, is no more common than among many other professions. I'll try and think up some of the stuff that may suit you and have it ready when I again run into town." "What about the superstitions," I persisted "that you find among people relative to sure-cures, etc." "I'll give you a list of such things soon," she / said, "I think that we can get you some good stories that are current even now around Stony Point and vicinity ". Pending the outcome of this promise I sought from Mrs. Ivanoff some reminiscences of amusing happenings of which I had previously heard her relate. "This," she said, "hasn't anything to do with hospitals, but since you mentioned something about tall tales, I'll give you this as I heard it told years ago by [my?] brother-in-law. "

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"He had come from the West and was therefore regarded by an eight year 2 old boy in the family, as a hero- a he-man who had fought many battles with wild Indians and desperadoes. One day, when the kid kept urging him to tell about some of the great fights that he'd been in out West, this is what he told: 'Well, I dunno-I aint never been the kind that went round lookin' for scraps, but I've been in a few. One that comes to mind, hardly seems worth the tellin', but it happened so quick and was finished so soon, that I almost forgot about it until you reminded me of it. It was out in Denver, when one day I walked into a saloon to get a drink. I noticed that there was a long line-up at the bar, but didn't notice 'till I bellied up that it was a bunch of old time heavy-weights. There was Jim Jeffries and

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Jack Johnson and Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons and John L. Sullivan and a lot of others includin' a bunch of lighter weights, all tuff guys too. Well, that was alright; I wasn't mad at nobody, so I just stood there friendly like , waitin' for my beer , while the barkeep was tendin' to these other guys. Finally , when he did get around to me , and starts to hand me my schooner, one of these here blokes -Sullivan or Jeffries-I forget just which of 'em it was, reaches out to grab it away from me. I was kinda hot tempered in those days , so with that I lets loose and pops him one. Well he , of course , falls back and knocks against the guy next to him , and that one falls over spilling the guy next to him. Anyhow they all went tumbling down like a bunch of stood up dominoes. By that time I had finished the beer and I walked out of the place. There was a mule hitched just outside the door and he happened to be one of them kicking kind. He figured, I guess, that he might as well take a kick at me as anybody , so sure enough , he started in. But me being still kind of sore about what happened inside the saloon, I caught that mule's foot, when he kicked out at me, and bit the darned [?] thing plumb off.' But that was a bit too tall a one for the kid. It probably should have been toned down a bit, because even he half suspected it wall a lie." [?]